

Battling Memories Past to Present

A ghost, a panther, and a devil walk into a bar.... And disappoint her and scare her once again, what is the punch line you ask? I haven't figured that one out yet, or maybe because the line is in fact... me.

I was standing there, I was standing in a 23 X 14 room with the boy who has my heart.

He makes me feel warm, comforted and astounding.

12 years ago, I was playing outside in my 35 X 20 front yard with my brother and father.

I felt horrified, trembling, and stiff.

In that 23 X 14 room, the ceiling was lined with white, popcorn bumps and the floors were covered in tacky green carpeting. The most important item of value in the room by far was him, my forever boy, yet I felt petrified.

I was no longer in my safe room with my sunflower bedspread and 100s of photographs of loved ones, I was back in my poorly cut front yard, with our small palm trees and two purple crape myrtles.

He was there. Not my brother, not the boy I loved, but him. The source of my terror and shaking, he goes by the name John, and he was my father.

I had forgotten. I had forgotten a memory, one so miniscule yet its repercussions ached my heart and caused a flood to pour from my eyes.

The boy I loved was playing around. He was jumping out and scaring me in a way that broke me down, but at that moment I could not fathom why.

As I was covering my entire face and he was holding me tight in his strong, freckled arms, my memory came shooting back as if a bullet from times past had shot that thought into reality.

He kept apologizing for making me scared, he was trying to make me laugh. His intentions are always pure, he is perfection and angelic.

The memory. I already explained the setting, an unkept yard, in a normal neighborhood. My father would chase me as a child, in good fun I suppose. Yet, to me I felt frightened.

He reminded me of a panther. One, He could run so quickly, he would appear out of thin air and jumpstart my heart and core. Two, He was there during the day but gone at night, as if he was

never really there at all. He was a ghost. When he wanted to be known though he was, before just leaving again, without a trace. There is no three, he never stayed long enough for me to count that high.

It baffles me. That at 18 I can still feel that fear for a memory of a man I hadn't even talked too since I was 12 years old. How can one hidden thought of him make me crumble in front of the boy who is the complete opposite of him?

Maybe that's it. Maybe seeing the man I love resemble the memory of the only man who wounded pieces of the purity and joy from my soul. My colorful, vibrant, giggling, wild, nurturing soul, maybe that's why my body shaked and my eyes were darting behind my callused hands, while my brain shut off for only a moment to prepare me for the memory.

It never crossed my mind that my blonde haired, brown eyed, dimple on the nose angel would make every essence of me feel the way I did in the memory when I was 6 years old. I felt like he was there. My sandy haired, blue eyed, beer bellied devil of a father.

Its incredible how someone so far from your life can still pull strings in your emotions and decisions while they continue to disappear for all eternity as the only thing they know. There are three names for someone as cowardly and crass as that.

A ghost. A panther. A devil. I desperately hope they will not enter a bar, for if they do, my mind won't be the only thing that bursts. If their pancreas bursts, then they will vanish for good, no longer able to rattle those who tried to love them. They will be free. Free from memories past to thrive in the wonders of future dreams and hopes, with a full, colorful, vibrate, giggling, wild, nurturing soul.

Turns out I am not the punch line or the joke, he is.